

The Critic



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THE LATE DEAN STANLEY. (See Page 198.)

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DEAN STANLEY AND HIS FRIENDS.

DEAN STANLEY was not well fitted by nature for the uses of personal friendship. His lovable qualities tempted many to seek his acquaintance; his superiority of intellect drew leaders of thought to his side; his confidence was only granted to a few. He never repelled those who wished to know him. He suffered a great many notoriety hunters, both male and female, to boast of his acquaintance, and, on occasion, to invite him to their tables. Nor did he inwardly scoff at their presumption, for he made it a rule very early in life that he would think ill of nobody. He was both shy and proud, and had caught from long residence at Oxford and from his long authority in its lecture-rooms, a certain didactic habit which unfitted him for social controversy. He owed more to his race than is commonly supposed. Dr. Arnold may have helped to shape his character, but all its best elements were hereditary. The Dean had the strength of purpose, the mental grasp, the absolute independence, which were marks of all the Stanleys of Alderley, and he had none of their eccentricities. They were reputed by Cheshire gossips to be a little mad; they went to court and said what they liked; they were offered heir-esses and married whom they pleased; they were sent to conduct negotiations with the Turk, and proposed to adopt the Mussulman religion. But they were, for the most part, a devout and God-fearing family, and when the good Bishop of Norwich sent his second son to Rugby, he felt as his wife felt, that Arthur Penrhyn Stanley would bring honor to the name he bore.

The friends of Dean Stanley's school-days were few. He stood too close to the masters to be really popular with the boys. Though not bearing many points of resemblance to the timid, shrinking Eden of "Tom Brown," he was yet too delicate in body, too studious in habit, too sensitive of vulgarity, to contract any of those strong ties which are often cemented in English playgrounds. Even at Oxford, in the earlier days, his only friends were undergraduates working for honors, and tutors whose world was confined within the walls of their quadrangle. Few of them came to fame. Theodore Walrond, of Balliol, with whom Arthur Stanley travelled to the East, passed from a well-won fellowship into the obscurity of the Civil Service Secretariat. Dr. Bradley, Master of University College, died a few months ago in academical harness. Max Müller's friendship was of the later period, when Stanley was a canon of Christ Church. The bonds of these two scholars were very close. Müller was the deeper; Stanley the clearer. Müller had the insight and the knowledge; Stanley the gift of more lucid exposition. In breadth of culture, in missionary zeal, in the belief of finding religion everywhere, they were admirably matched. When those Christ Church years were over, and Stanley, having given his lectures to the world, was called into public life, he left no Oxford friend so regretfully as he left Max Müller. Many distinguished men had won his esteem; princes and nobles had been under his charge; stimulated by his example, a new race of tutors and undergraduates had grown up at Oxford; and yet he cared less for them all than for the German philologist who had devoted the greater portion of his life to elucidations of the "Hitopadeśa" and "Mahabharata."

With the Prince of Wales's journey to the Holy Land, made in 1862, Stanley began a new career and entered a new circle of acquaintances. During the visit, General Robert Bruce, the prince's governor, died and was buried,

as the great Robert Bruce, his ancestor, had hoped to be buried, in Palestine. The Queen's sorrow attached her still more closely to Lady Augusta Bruce, sister of the general and daughter of Lord Elgin, and her growing affection for Arthur Stanley prompted her to arrange a marriage between them. Lady Augusta was a peerless woman. She was not beautiful, for she had the hard coarse features of all the Bruces. She was not particularly clever, for few of her race had been noted for ability. But when she went away as Dean Stanley's bride, the poor people of Windsor gathered weeping about the carriage, and every violet that was thrown into her lap carried with it a benison. As soon as she had settled down in the Deanery, she opened its hospitality to her friends and to the friends of her husband. Henceforth there was always a distinctive character in the gatherings of that historic house, from one window of which the guests could watch the Westminster boys at play, and from another hear the strains of organ music in the Abbey. In politics they were mainly liberal. Tory ministers were rarely seen at the Deanery. Lord Salisbury came, for he was always loth to acknowledge party allegiance. Lord Henry Lennox came, as representing the ducal house of Richmond, rather than as a member of Lord Beaconsfield's cabinet. The rest were slow to appear at a table where Mr. Gladstone held the seat of honor. The great Tory chieftain who has lately passed away would only be seen there at rare intervals. He had little sympathy with the spirit of the place. He had few real prejudices, either social or political, but as a rule he confined his visits to those houses where he was sure to be appreciated and admired, and assumed an air of good-humored contempt for the motley political assemblages which met under the shadow of the Houses of Parliament.

But literature of all schools had a ready welcome there. The Deanery was within easy walking range for Thomas Carlyle; and Alfred Tennyson, rarely visiting London, yet found time to seek the greeting which awaited him in Dean's Yard. Famous names would crowd the page if one tried to recount the friends of that period. Lord Hatherley, who died a fortnight ago, would come to discuss the plan of the new library he was founding; Lord Shaftesbury would bring with him the design of a projected workhouse. The many-sidedness of Stanley's character presented him in a new light to each of his guests. Froude would meet him as an historian; Matthew Arnold as a critic; John Murray as his publisher; Fitzjames Stephen as a fellow-journalist; George Richmond had painted his portrait, which still hung over the mantelpiece; Robert Browning, a very dear friend, had made him the hero of more than one sounding lay. Churchmen of all creeds gathered under his roof. The venerable Robert Moffat, the Scotch missionary, would discuss points of theology with Mr. Newman Hall. Professor Jowett would chat about Balliol, while Professor Fawcett told of aquatic doings on the Cam. A carriage hastily driven into the yard might bring Lord Houghton from Egypt, Mr. Motley from the Hague, or Sir Rutherford Alcock from far Japan. It was a brilliant company. Lady Augusta perhaps gave more of her heart to the poor of Westminster than to the notables who assembled round her board, and yet there was no leader of fashion who could rival her as a hostess. With her death died the glories of the Deanery. Arthur Stanley's pride kept him from breaking down under the weight of that great blow. He hid his grief from all. His most intimate friends never knew what he suffered, and only those who stood near the altar, on the day when he headed the funeral procession of his wife, heard the moan with which he ended the benediction: "The Lord make his face to shine upon us and be gracious unto us. The Lord lift up the light of his countenance upon us and give us peace."

And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep our minds and hearts, through Jesus Christ, our Lord."

P. M. POTTER.

The Concord School of Philosophy.

VIGOR is shown by paternity, and the Concord Transcendental school, supposed by many to be dead and gone, has within three years produced not only the "Summer School of Philosophy," in that Arcadian town, but, within a few months past, another child of fair proportions—the "Institute of Christian Philosophy," at Greenwood Lake, in New Jersey; for the latter is as unquestionably derived from the Concord School, through evolution, as Mr. Alcott's audiences at the Orchard House Chapel are the spiritual descendants of the Transcendentalists of 1840. The *Dial* gave birth in due time to the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, and from the tomb and fortunate ashes of Mr. Alcott's early-deceased "Town and Country Club" of 1849, the violets of the Summer School have sprung. As I write, there lies before me a printed circular of Mr. Alcott's dated at Miss Peabody's Library in West Street, Boston, February 20, 1849, in which he says: "I send you herewith the names of a select company of gentlemen, esteemed as deserving of better acquaintance, and disposed for closer fellowship of Thought and Endeavor," who were invited to meet in March, 1849 "to discuss the advantages of organizing a club or college for the study and diffusion of the Ideas and Tendencies proper to the Nineteenth Century." The names attached are remarkable—more so now, after the lapse of a generation, than when first written down. They are 54 in number, headed by "R. Waldo Emerson;" and among them are Garrison, Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillips, Bronson Alcott, Dr. Howe, Dr. Hedge, Thoreau, Ellery Channing (the Concord poet), J. Russell Lowell, Jones Very, Edmund Quincy, James Freeman Clarke, T. Starr King, T. Wentworth Higginson, E. P. Whipple, John S. Dwight, S. G. Ward, William Henry Channing, J. Elliott Cabot, O. B. Frothingham, George P. Bradford, W. R. Alger, Oliver Johnson, and Dr. H. I. Bowditch.

Nothing important came of this movement in 1849; but in 1879 Mr. Alcott, with the co-operation again, as always, of Mr. Emerson, and the active aid of his younger friends, whom he had trained in transcendentalism—Prof. Harris, Mrs. Cheney, Mr. Sanborn, etc.—arranged in consultation with them and with the late Professor Peirce of Harvard University, a new "club or college for the study and diffusion of the ideas and tendencies proper to the nineteenth century," and to all the other centuries since Plato and Aristotle. The plan was simple, and similar to one which Peirce had urged upon the Social Science Association. The method was a combination of formal lectures and free conversations. For the first two years Emerson, and for the first year, Peirce, took a part in the instruction—each reading two lectures; and now in the third summer, as formerly, Emerson comes in every day or two, to hear some friend like the poet Stedman, or the gray-haired saint, Bartol, or Mr. Alcott himself, who seldom fails to speak in the conversations that follow every lecture. Mr. Stedman's poem, which the whole world has read and praised, was first given in the little Hillside Chapel, adorned for the occasion with flowers from Hawthorne's Old Manse, and other Concord gardens. When Dr. Bartol spoke last Saturday, opening the whole gospel of Transcendentalism to a charmed audience, a full bowl of Concord water-lilies, whose blossoming under the early sunlight Thoreau used to witness and describe, stood on the desk before him, and yielded fragrance to the hearers and doers of his word. The scene was one for a painter like Allston, whose great unfinished sketch of "Jason and the Golden Fleece" had been unrolled a few days earlier at the Art Museum in Boston, for the first time since the studio at Cambridgeport was closed in 1843. It was Jason and his Argonauts, no longer pursuing the golden fleece in their own "obscure and golden youth," but recounting in their silver-haired age the thoughts and deeds of a lifetime. There sat Emerson, leaning forward with the beaming smile and intently courteous manner that two generations have not dimmed or fatigued into impatience; there, on the other side of the apostolic preacher, sat Alcott, bowed a little with the weight of four-score years, but no less youthful in heart than when he sauntered through the pine-woods of Virginia, sixty years ago, selling laces and reading "Pilgrim's Progress." There was George Bradford, descended from the Pilgrim governor of Plymouth, who, when the Transcendental inspiration came upon him, forty years ago, left

his books and friendly pupils, and in company with another child of the Pilgrims, Marston Watson, planted a garden among the Plymouth sands, and daily carried his fruits and vegetables from house to house in a hand-cart, living by the labor of his hands. There sat Blake of Worcester, the inheritor and editor of Thoreau's manuscripts, from which, every year, he gives readings to the disciples at Concord. On the wall hung the portrait of Thoreau himself, wreathed with evergreens, while busts of Christ, of Homer, of Plato, of Emerson, and of John Brown, adorned the chapel here and there.

The chief lecturers at the Concord School, as for the past two years, are Dr. Jones, a Platonist; Dr. Harris, a Hegelian follower of Aristotle; and Mr. Alcott, a mystic. These three give twenty-five lectures, out of the fifty-six which are to be given. Dr. Harris gives the most systematic outline of philosophy, together with its history; and he is reinforced from the Hegelian side by Dr. Denton J. Snider of St. Louis, who lectures on Greek literature; by Dr. Mulford, the political philosopher; and by Mr. S. H. Emery, the moderator or "director" of the sessions. Dr. Bartol, Dr. Hedge, Mrs. Cheney, Mrs. Howe, Mr. Sanborn, and some others speak from the Emersonian or Transcendental standpoint; while Dr. Kidney, the head of an Episcopal school of theology in Minnesota (who lectures on ethics at Concord), is a Christian eclectic, seeking to reconcile Plato with Aristotle, Kant with Hegel, Emerson with Bishop Butler, and all with the Church. A special feature of this year is the "Kant Centennial," lasting a week (August 1-6) and drawing forth lectures and communications concerning Kant from President Porter of Yale, Elliott Cabot and Dr. Hedge of Harvard, Dr. Mears of Hamilton College, Prof. Watson of Toronto, Prof. Morris of Baltimore, Dr. Harris of Concord, Hutchison Stirling of Edinburgh, and other students of Kant in both hemispheres. These Kant papers are to be printed next autumn by Dr. Harris in his *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*.

The literary side of the Concord Summer School is represented by Mr. John Albee, a careful student of English literature; by Mr. Stedman, Mr. Snider, and Mr. Sanborn, whose three lectures are wholly literary in their subject. Among the audience, which averages sixty at each session, and includes five or six hundred different persons during the five weeks, the majority are always women, many of them teachers or writers, and among the men who attend are many college professors and writers. The reporters last year were two Episcopal clergymen, aided by several professional correspondents and reporters. This year the chief reporter is a woman, though several clergymen describe the school in newspapers. The lectures are more fully reported than ever before, particularly in the *Boston Advertiser, Traveller*, and *Transcript*.

ARIANA.

LITERATURE

"The Jacobin Conquest."

THE present volume of M. Taine's French Revolution covers the rise and supremacy of the Jacobin faction under the lead of Desmoulins, Pétion, Robespierre, etc., and takes the reader on to the full ascendancy of the guillotins under the monster Hébert—a period of four years—years when the fagots were gathering and the cauldron seething. Society is upturned; the bottom is at the top. The guillotine is not yet in operation, but the fruit of that horrible tree is fully ripe and the murderer's hand reaches out for it. How the bottom got to the top, is the substance of the story. But the first chapters show us what the bottom was, and what the condition of things there. M. Taine excels in analysis. What goes to make up the genuine Jacobin who exists in embryo in every community, but is not always born into visible being, he shows us. "Exaggerated self-conceit and dogmatism are not rare in the human species. These two roots of the Jacobin intellect exist everywhere, underground and indestructible. . . . Students live in garrets, bohemians in lodgings, physicians without patients and lawyers without clients, in lonely offices—so many Brissots, Dantons, Marats, Robespierres, and St. Justs in embryo; only for lack of air and sunshine they never come to maturity." But in France, in 1789, they had the requisite air and sunshine, and came into being with a vengeance. There was "intellectual aberration, excessive self-conceit, rarely encountered, . . . and a con-

* The Jacobin Conquest. Vol. II. of The French Revolution. By H. A. Taine, D.C.L., Oxon. Translated by John Durand. \$2.50. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

currence of circumstances, the like of which has never been seen in the world but once." M. Taine is himself a student; but he no longer lives in a garret. He was once a young man, but it is evident from the following that he is so no longer. "At twenty," he says, "a young man's judgment and self-esteem are extremely sensitive; let the society in which he is comprised be what it will, it is for him a scandal to right reason; it was not organized by a legislative philosopher according to a sound principle," and "the new-fledged thinker shrugs his shoulders as he looks up and sees what the ancient tenement is, the foundations of which are arbitrary, its architecture confused, and its many repairs plainly visible." He would tear down and build anew; but he cannot. He would at least mount and control it. That too is beyond his power. For five or six who lead, a hundred thousand must follow. "Every conscript thinks that he carries a marshal's baton on his back," but "discovers too late, on rummaging his sack, that the baton is not there." He kicks, therefore, against social barriers. But "the public edifice is substantial and carefully guarded," and "malcontents soon discover that they have not enough strength to pull it down, and that, in contending with its guardians, they get nothing but blows." They grumble, and after a time join in, enter the doors and willingly form part of the garrison. They learn even to like the policeman, to think that "policemen and compartment are of use to them"—that the "worst of calamity would be a lack of barriers and of guardians." This generalization seems a little sweeping, like many of M. Taine's. What he applies to the generality of youth applies, it seems to us, to but few, and then, in its bad sense, to those few only in common with the vast class of uneasy and disappointed of all ages. It was the ancient Gaul, Cæsar tells us—and Cæsar was a shrewd observer—who always desired new things, who loved revolution for revolution's sake. In the better sense youth is uneasy, and rightly so. We see his necessity in nature from what takes place in family history. The old house which the young man inherits is going to decay through the mischief of ignorance or the inertness of age. He seldom tears down; he loves the old place. Youth is conservative of much. It is not so much demolition, as repair and correction and further enlargement that he requires. It is oftener to ripe, strong, confident manhood that the idea occurs than reconstruction is better than renovation. Witness our own revolution in 1775. Witness the final determination to emancipate.

But we pause only to note a tendency in our author which is marked throughout this book, and is so imbedded in his style that the history would not be Taine's without it. He loves strong antithesis, epigrammatic assertions, which give piquancy to style, and arrest the attention even where they fail to convince the judgment. "Extreme suffering renders all weapons available, and where there is oppression, that doctrine is true which serves to throw oppression off," he says. But some nations are long-suffering, and find their remedies through just courses rather than through crime. M. Taine puts it well himself in distinguishing between the Puritan and the Jacobin: "The first effort of the Puritan is self-control; before becoming political he becomes moral. With the Jacobin, on the contrary, the first precept is not moral, but political; it is not his duties which he exaggerates, but his rights; while his doctrine, instead of being a prick to his conscience, flatters his pride." In the Jacobin he is describing the lower strata of human nature; in the Puritan, the higher. When the bottom becomes top, we have the former. Most writers have recognized the fact that the French Revolution began with the Puritan at the top, and greatly and justly disturbed, but proceeded with an upheaval, the result of which left the Jacobin in the Puritan's place. M. Taine, however, fails to find any political principle underlying the revolutionary period. He began his work, he says, in search of such principles, but attains to "scarcely more than one." His conclusion is a simple one, that "human society, especially a modern society, is a vast and complicated thing."

We have said enough to show what we think of M. Taine as an historian. His work is brilliant, picturesque, abounding in marvellously clear, well-cut bits of narrative, of which we may mention as specimens that, beginning on page 225, of the effect of murder on the murderers; that on p. 295, of the jauntiness of Paris in the height of the "Terror," when the city had resigned itself wholly to the "*sans culottes*," "Moderates, aristocrats, those who have any property, and very pretty women, elegantly dressed," were out "seeking the caresses of the balmy spring

breezes," etc.; on p. 301, the impudence of the Paris rabble; the scene in the convention, p. 315. Like these are innumerable gems of description, which yet lack the just, clear setting of history. As a narrative historian M. Taine is without any large grasp of imagination. There is no centre to his story, and, as he disdains dates and the orderly succession of events, for the most part, the reader finds himself unaided in that for which most readers take up history. The work is a study in French history rather than a history. It is not the story of the Revolution so much as it is a succession of kaleidoscopic views of French society, French character and passions, stationary states of the Revolution, seen, as it were, in electrical flashes. The general reader must go elsewhere to get digested French history. The well-read scholar, however, will find in the book a keen study into methods and manners, a series of exhaustive essays—exhaustive, that is, in a literary sense, though not in a philosophical—like that on clubs as organs of political action, on the growth of the homicidal idea, on the condition of the departments, on the personnel of both parties, etc. M. Taine is a ripe scholar, a wide reader, an Anglicized Frenchman, a critic. What he lacks in depth of thinking and mastery of the whole, he makes up in extensive erudition and control of details; so that he is, and will be, widely read and wondered at, but seldom followed. J. H. MORSE.

English and American Guns.*

THIS is perhaps the fullest description of firearms and matters pertaining to their use and manufacture which is accessible to the general sportsman or inventor. It is particularly valuable for the reason that almost everything referred to is accompanied by an illustration; for when any technical points of the description of those covered by this work are to be explained, a good cut conveys a clearer idea of what is intended to be described than could many pages of type. Mr. Greener traces the progress of missile weapons from the bow, with its various modifications, to the wooden, iron, and hooped cannon of the Middle Ages; and from the match-lock, the arquebuse, the wheel-lock, and the "Brown Bess," up to the most improved rifles, revolvers, and shot-guns of the present day. His work is particularly rich in its description and illustrations of the earlier arms contained in the various European museums; and the reader will be surprised to find how many of what are supposed to be the latest ideas in the way of breech-loaders, revolving arms, and mitrailleuses were anticipated by the first inventors. Indeed, as far as workmanship and ingenuity are concerned, the gun-makers of the Sixteenth Century were but little behind those of the present age. If the idea of a metallic cartridge (which by making a gas-tight joint for the first time rendered the breech-loader practicable), had occurred to them, the present generation would have had much less to boast of than it imagines. Mr. Greener notices, however, that the earlier gunsmiths had not discovered any method of straightening gun barrels, so that, although this is now considered one of the most simple of processes, among a large number of old arms of the best workmanship found in different museums only a single barrel was found to be perfect. While a large portion of the work is devoted to rifles and pistols, the book is particularly valuable for the information which it contains in relation to double guns, or shot-guns, as they are generally called in this country. All sportsmen who, amid the cloud of conflicting authorities, have found themselves at a loss to know what is the proper method of loading a double gun to produce the best possible results under different circumstances, will find here full information on this and many similar subjects, including elaborate tables of the leading gun trials which have taken place in England and in this country, with diagrams of the patterns of the best guns, with different kinds of shot. The true object of the book is of course to demonstrate that the guns manufactured by the author are superior to those of any other maker. It cannot be said, however, that he is intentionally unfair to other manufacturers, and it is impossible to read his work without becoming impressed by the industry and intelligence he has devoted to his business, as well as by the vast variety of the weapons he makes. Some assertions, as, for instance, that "no good system of recapping cartridges has been introduced in America" will amuse those American riflemen who are in the habit of loading their shells indefinitely, as well as the American sportsmen who find their reloaded brass (and even paper) shells as good as

* The Gun and its Development, with Notes on Shooting. By W. W. Greener. \$7.50. New York: Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co.

new. But some such errors are probably inevitable in a work of this description and on a topic of such magnitude. In addition to the subject of firearms quite a full description is given of the manufacture of gunpowder and cartridges, to which is added a number of valuable shooting notes applicable to every kind of game and to every country in the world.

Mr. Greener does not deny American gunsmiths the credit which is their due for many of the great inventions they have made in connection with the manufacture of firearms. At the same time he claims that a number of improvements which are usually supposed to have had their origin in America were really of European origin. Thus the modern system of "choke boring," which has revolutionized shot guns as the minie ball did rifles, and which is asserted by Mr. Long to have been discovered by a Western gunsmith, is shown by Mr. Greener to have been described in a French publication in 1835. Conceding this to be the case, it would still seem as if it had been allowed to fall into disuse; for certainly it was unknown to sportsmen and gunmakers until brought into notoriety in this country about 1872, and the success which it has here attained led to its subsequent introduction in England. Mr. Greener is of course firmly convinced that it is impossible for a "machine-made American shot-gun" to ever rival one of his hand-made weapons, and gives his reasons for the faith that is in him. These consist mainly of the failure to make close-fitting joints, inferiority of the barrels, failure to test the shooting in the factory, and want of attention to those little niceties of finish, balance, and style which make a perfect weapon. As far as barrels are concerned, perhaps none of machine-make are as light and strong as those carefully forged by hand. It is also true that many American manufacturers do not pay as much attention as they should to the style and appearance of the shot-guns they turn out. Yet the practical sportsman who finds himself able with a machine-made rifle to cope upon equal terms with the best English match rifles, and who finds his machine made watch keeping perfect time, will be of the opinion that the time, if not yet arrived, is certainly not far off when American machinery will turn out at a reasonable rate shot-guns whose general style and shooting qualities will be as good as the average of any that can be made by hand. Many already think that their native guns, if not perfect, are "good enough" for all practical purposes, and that the comparatively slight difference existing between them and first-class Greeners or Scotts is more than made up by the immense difference in price.

GEO. W. WINGATE.

Mr. Oscar Wilde's Poems.*

MR. OSCAR WILDE'S poems will surprise those whose knowledge of his peculiarities is derived from the caricatures of Messrs. Frank Burnand and George Du Maurier. They are astonishingly clever. Their style is often as dainty as their thought is always clear. Having a simple image before his eyes Mr. Wilde knows how to render it in simple verse, choosing his words with considerable skill, and never allowing the idea to be distorted or confused. As a specimen of this linguistic art, where the sound is duly wedded to the sense, let the reader take these three verses, chosen almost at hazard:

- "The brazen-throated clarion blows
Across the Pathan's reedy fen,
And the high steepes of Indian snows
Shake to the tread of armed men.
- "And many an Afghan chief, who lies
Beneath his cool pomegranate trees,
Clutches his sword in fierce surmise
When on the mountain-side he sees
- "The fleet-foot Marri scout, who comes
To tell how he hath heard afar
The measured roll of English drums
Beat at the gates of Kandahar."

There such praise as this volume will evoke is likely to end. There is no sign in it than a new poet has arisen. There is no verse in it which does not readily recall the devices of some modern master of poetry. For aught that Mr. Wilde has to tell us, he might as well have held his peace. If he sought to defend himself from the attacks of caricaturists, he has, in fact, only fortified their position. For never in recent times has a book of so much and

such carefully studied foppery been given to the public. The lackadaisical airs and languid graces, the sighings and posturings and gestures of despair—these and all the characteristics of the new school appear in three-fourths of Mr. Wilde's poems. A man who can neatly turn a lyric and write a stirring battle-song, finds himself constrained to set out with this moan by way of preface:

"To drift with every passion till my soul
Is a stringed lute on which all winds can play,
Is it for this that I have given away
Mine ancient wisdom and austere control?"

Why should Mr. Wilde seek to cheapen his wares? If he has a good, sound article to sell, let him leave his "damnable faces," and produce it. What does the public know, what does the public care, about his "ancient wisdom and austere control." This is the way with drawing-room poets. Conscious of the epic still hidden in their brain, they deal out their stanzas with a smile of condescension, and we are here, for instance, given to understand that good as many of Mr. Wilde's verses are, they are not by any means the best he can do. He has put these trifles out in answer to those whom he calls "slandrous fools," and the critic who does not detect in them a nascent Byron or embryonic Shelley had better store up apologies for the day when the epic appears.

If one should attempt to quote specimens of Mr. Wilde's affectations, the greater part of the book would be here set down. He is fond, it appears, of the stage, and of addressing rhapsodies to English actresses. One of these actresses is Miss Isabel Bateman, a commonplace young woman, who used to play Queen Henrietta in London to Mr. Irving's King Charles. Mr. Wilde does not think her commonplace, for thus he discourses:

"O Hair of Gold! O Crimson Lips! O Face
Made for the luring and the love of man!
With thee I do forget the toil and stress,
The loveless road that knows no resting place,
Time's straitened pulse, the soul's dread weariness,
My freedom and my life republican."

This is very flattering to Miss Bateman, but what must she think of her bard when she finds him addressing these lines to Miss Ellen Terry:

"And yet, methinks, I'd rather see thee play
That serpent of old Nile, whose witchery
Made emperors drunken—Come, great Egypt, shake
Our stage with all thy mimic pageants! Nay,
I am grown sick of unreal passions, make
The world thine Actium, me thine Antony."

And one would fancy that after this passionate declaration, Miss Terry would have a right to resent these lines to Miss Sarah Bernhardt:

"Ah! surely once some urn of Attic clay
Held thy wan dust, and thou hast come again
Back to this common world so dull and vain,
For thou wert weary of the sunless day,
The heavy fields of scentless asphodel,
The loveless lips with which men kiss in hell."

Whatever the actresses may think about the matter, the reader can now probably see how sickly, unnatural, and morbid is the whole book. If he does not, let him turn to the poem "Charmides." There Byron's Juan is out-Juaned. We make no very strenuous objection to erotic poetry as a class, although, as this review is read in the family circle, we decline to cull any of its flowers. But "Charmides" is not simply erotic; it is beastly. What does Mr. Wilde mean by his invocations of Milton, his sonnets to pure democracy, when he indulges in stuff of this sort:

"Those who have never known a lover's sin
Let them not read my ditty, it will be
To their dull ears so musicless and thin
That they will have no joy of it, but ye
To those wan cheeks now creeps the lingering smile,
Ye who have learned who Eros is—O listen yet awhile."

With which he proceeds into aphrodisiac detail, not in the frank and breezy spirit of Shakspeare's "Venus and Adonis," but as a sickly youth, fortified by drugs and stupefied by liquor, might go in defiantly for a night's debauch.

A WEEKLY paper called *Fiction* will make its first appearance within a few days. It will be devoted entirely to stories, long and short, "written by Americans for Americans," and published by Germans, i.e., Messrs. Keppler & Schwartzmann, the proprietors of *Puck*.

* Poems. By Oscar Wilde. \$1.25. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

The Butterfly.*

DURING the past twenty years the author of this work has contributed to various scientific journals special articles on the subject of entomology, notably on North American butterflies, so that, in offering to the public a more popular work on the subject, he has the advantage of long preparation for his task. Mr. Scudder, at present assistant librarian of Harvard University, is well known in the scientific world for his illustrated memoir on fossil butterflies, published by the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Among those who have made a special study of these insects, whether at home or abroad, he stands in the front rank. Commencing to write at the same time with Mr. W. H. Edwards, Mr. Grote, and Dr. A. S. Packard, Jr., he belongs to what may be called the second generation in North America of writers on Lepidoptera, Say, Harris, Fitch, and Clemens counting as the first. Mr. Scudder is noted for his strictly scientific methods, the fruit of the late Professor Agassiz's influence in earlier days. Almost all the great professor's pupils have become, if not Darwinists, yet derivatists or evolutionists. They generally agree that new species have been produced from old ones by certain changes, usually of slow growth, until the new kinds have become disentangled from the parent forms. In his present work Mr. Scudder lets us into some of the secrets of Nature in the production of butterflies, and enables almost any one to follow, though still at some distance, the mysterious procedure. It is here, and from the popular side, that what little can be justly said against his work may be indicated. There should have been a glossary of the scientific terms used in the book, for the benefit of its lay readers. As it is, although their meaning may be gathered in most instances from the text, they strike the unlearned eye suddenly, and may dampen somewhat the nascent enthusiasm for the subject which Mr. Scudder aspires to lead to higher effort and result. From its scientific side the book is greater than its pretension. Not only is it a useful compendium of what has been published in scientific periodicals by different students, but it abounds in original suggestions of great importance. In his chapter on the "Origin and Development of Ornamentation," Mr. Scudder presents a theory novel but excellently well worked up, upon the method by which so many varied patterns have been produced, with the effect of making the butterflies so pleasing to the sight.

"That complicated or variegated patterns of coloring must have had their source in simpler and less varied designs, and these in slight variations from an absolutely uniform tone of color, will not be denied by any who believe in the evolution of complicated structural forms from those of simpler organization; and must be regarded as possible, if not probable, by all who study the past life of the globe, and see the march of life with its constant tendencies to differentiation, reaching its climax in its latest and most complex product—man."

Starting from the study of color patterns in the lower kinds of Lepidoptera, Mr. Scudder finds a basis for all the modifications of transverse markings which adorn the wings by intensifications of the deepening of tints spreading over the wings on lines parallel with the outer margins. "By the breaking up of any one or more of these bands into spots or bars, we may conceive two new forms of pattern according as the break occurs in the interspaces or at the veins." We cannot follow this speculation any further, except to remark that it tallies with the method of variation in markings observed in nearly related species of moths in Europe and America. Here the variation has been supposed to depend on the exposure to light and the atmosphere. The transverse bands have changed color, as Mr. Grote has shown in the pages of the *Popular Science Monthly*, in the case of *Catocala Relicta*. One of the great merits of Mr. Scudder's book is the scientific and natural arrangement of its material. He considers the derivation, classification, and geographical distribution of the butterfly. The numerous cuts which illustrate his text are exact and generally well-printed, and will be of great assistance to the student when he comes to name his captures. In his nomenclature, Mr. Scudder adheres to the names and views on generic values previously published in his "Generic Revision of the Butterflies," and for so doing he has reasons which, though open to criticism, are still binding with him, and so are worthy of respect. An exceedingly useful appendix completes the book, in which the details of

capturing, preserving, and hatching butterflies are fully discussed. The author's style in even the dryer parts will cause the casual reader to lay the book down unwillingly; while the student, whose business in life is largely to catch butterflies, can at no time dispense with its companionship.

Matthew Arnold's "Byron."**

IN the degree in which Byron has been worshipped by his admirers and damned by his detractors, his fate reminds one of Napoleon's. The inevitable reaction from the first tremendous outburst of applause has, however, abated sufficiently to admit of dispassionate criticism being essayed; and criticism of this sort has been attempted by Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Ruskin, Mr. Matthew Arnold, and Mr. J. A. Symonds. Mr. Arnold can "remember the latter years of Byron's vogue," yet he is able to look at the poet "without illusion." He has long desired to see how he will stand when relieved of "the incumbrance of his inferior and weakest work." The present anthology is an outgrowth of this desire. Having prepared it and given it to the press, the author feels qualified to assign to Byron his proper niche in the temple of renown. Goethe's judgment of the man and of his poetry he holds to be not only the best, but almost the best possible: "The English . . . can point to no poet who is his like. He is different from all the rest, and, in the main, greater"—his supremacy lying not so much in his poetry as in his personality; "a personality such, for its eminence," adds Goethe, "as has never been yet, and such as is not likely to come again." But, the philosopher adds, "the moment he reflects he is a child." Mr. Arnold contrasts the personal character and poetic achievement of Byron, Wordsworth, and Giacomo Leopardi. "Leopardi has the very qualities which we have found wanting to Byron; he has the sense for form and style, the passion for just expression, the sure and firm touch of the true artist. Nay, more, he has a grave fullness of knowledge. . . . In like manner, Leopardi is at many points the superior of Wordsworth, too. He has a far wider culture than Wordsworth, more mental lucidity, more freedom from illusions as to the real character of the established fact, and of reigning conventions; above all, this Italian, with his pure and sure touch, with his fineness of perception, is far more of the artist." Yet, "the value of Wordsworth's poetry, on the whole, stands higher for us than that of Leopardi's, as it stands higher for us, I think, than that of any modern poetry except Goethe's. Byron's poetic value is also greater on the whole than Leopardi's; and his superiority turns, in the same way, upon the surpassing worth of something which he had and was, after all deduction has been made for his shortcomings." This "something," we are told, is what Mr. Swinburne terms "the splendid and imperishable excellence . . . of sincerity and strength."

Mr. Arnold was persuaded to prepare this volume of selections by a conviction of its desirability as a companion volume to his Wordsworth anthology, Byron and Wordsworth being, in his view, the only poets of the earlier part of the century who furnish the material for such a work. Coleridge and Keats may have written better single poems than either of them, but they have not written so many poems of a high order of merit. Yet we are told that Mr. Swinburne errs in saying that Byron can be best judged and appreciated "in the mass." On the contrary, if he be read from beginning to end, he is "capable of being tiresome." His own admission is quoted, that one of his longer works is a "string of passages"; and Mr. Arnold argues from this that all his more important pieces may be cut up and served in slices with a freedom inadmissible in handling the works of Shakspeare, Milton, or any other master whose poems were planned and executed as a whole—not written, as Byron wrote "Lara," "while undressing, after coming home from balls and masquerades." So Mr. Arnold gives us very little of "Don Juan," of "Beppo," of "Childe Harold," of "The Siege of Corinth," of "Mazeppa." He has aimed to illustrate Byron's versatility, and to accomplish this he has included poems of inferior merit to some which are omitted from this volume because the class to which they belonged had been, as he thought, adequately represented. A book constructed on this plan will not be accepted as a substitute for a complete edition of the poet's works, but it will be read and referred to much more frequently because of its convenient shape. We doubt not, therefore, that Mr. Arnold's anthology

* Butterflies: Their Structure, Changes and Life-History, with Special Reference to American Forms. By Samuel H. Scudder. Cloth, \$3. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

** Poetry of Byron. Chosen and Arranged by Matthew Arnold. \$1.25. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

will perceptibly increase the number of Byron's admirers on both sides of the Atlantic, and that it will go far toward establishing his high position among the poets of the nineteenth century.

"An Ocean Free Lance."*

THE work of a novelist is, almost without exception, the result of observation or imagination, not of personal experience, and when to the difficulty of interpreting the experiences of others is added the necessity of using technical language, the task is one which few authors care to undertake. Many an astronomer, or physician, or geologist can find in the driest details of his profession poetic inspiration for himself and his disciples; but to interest all the world in a specialty is perhaps the greatest triumph to which a writer can aspire. "The Wreck of the Grosvenor" was therefore equally remarkable, whether regarded as the work of a seaman with an exceptional literary style, or of a novelist with extraordinary knowledge of the sea; and in "An Ocean Free Lance" Mr. Russel exhibits in even greater degree this unusual combination. Many a young girl—though as ignorant of nautical matters as the young lady from Vassar who proposed a dance "at the back part of the ship," or her friend of the Harvard Annex who requested, pointing to the bowsprit, to be told the name of "that little mast lying down"—will throw aside "Red as a Rose is She" to follow with fascinated interest the fortunes of the schooner Tigress. In his enthusiasm Mr. Russel endows schooners and sloops and men-of-war with the joys and sorrows and passions of human beings as cleverly as Hans Andersen ascribes to ducks and geese and eagles and frogs the contending emotions that distract humanity. Indeed, when compared with the lover-like description of the Tigress as she lay at the dock, or with the dismantled line-of-battle ship like a mutilated prize-fighter waving his handkerchief as he limps away, or with the mischievous cutter commanded by a midshipman and having in tow a large French schooner like an ant dragging a caterpillar, or with the mysterious vessel captured in a thick fog, or with the death of the sinking brig, or the meeting with an old friend in the Bombay Castle, or the vision of the helpless and deserted vessel whose entire crew lay in a drunken stupor, the "real life" depicted in the story is tame and commonplace. The romance especially seems uncalled-for, and we suspect that Mr. Madison was married at last much as was Jo in "Little Women," because the publishers demanded a wedding. The real heroine of the book is the Tigress, and the real hero her commander; it is therefore a great mistake for the author to leave us in ignorance of their final fate and expect us to shift our sympathies suddenly to the Namur, and to consider Mr. Madison the hero simply because he is the man who gets married. Mr. Russel's knowledge of seamanship is absolutely accurate, but his acquaintance with seamen must have been slight, to judge from his supposing that an officer in charge would jump overboard when his vessel first took fire, in pursuit of a lady passenger adrift in a small boat. The book is at once more poetic and more humorous than any other of Mr. Russel's. As a sample of the humor we may quote the remark of a young man that all which ought to be expected of a "feller" in the way of ancestry was for him to reasonably assure himself that his father had been born before him.

The chronology of the story seems a little mixed, and we venture to doubt if there could have been an upright piano in the cabin of the "Namur" as early as 1812, as also if a toy merchant of that period could possibly have had either the mechanical toys which he is represented as winding up to run about the floor, or the India-rubber balls and babies which he was in the habit of flinging against the wall. We are quite sure that Mr. Madison could not have really seen at that date a frigate "whose sails shone like cotton," or been justified in remarking, "The Americans mix so much cotton in their canvas that their vessels may occasionally be known by their sails;" for cotton sails were not used, even by Americans, till about 1830, and even then not for square-rigged vessels. It also strikes us as unusual for a garda-costa to be called a costagarda.

Theological Literature.

THE publication of Dr. Bushnell's life did not revive the intense feeling of thirty years ago, and the three volumes of his "Literary

* An Ocean Free Lance. By W. Clark Russel. 20 cts. Franklin Square Library. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Varieties" * will do it still less, but it will be unfortunate if they are not widely read. The first two are reprints: the third will therefore attract the chief attention, and it contains some of Bushnell's most characteristic utterances. They breathe that unfaltering faith in the unseen, that large scope of thought, that quick, sympathetic intelligence, that eager helpfulness, which insure an influence far beyond that of a mere precise scholarship or an acute theology. Augustus Hare had the same. So had Robertson, Maurice, Kingsley; but however they may have surpassed Bushnell in other endowments, they were probably not his superiors in these. The article which gives the volume its name strikes at once the key-note of his catholicity and of his sure confidence in the kingdom of God as coming and to come, and the same tones are echoed by the paper from the *New Englander* on "Christian Comprehensiveness" which ends the collection. Of the others, the most remarkable is the well-known "Letter to his Holiness Pope Gregory XVI." The most useful are those on "The Spiritual Economy of Revivals," "Pulpit Talent," and "Training for the Pulpit Manward." Everybody who ever goes to church ought to read the first two of these, and no clergyman or student of divinity should fail to read them all. Bushnell's style is eminently that of a man who has his reader or his audience before him as he writes. It is direct, warm; not always smooth or even good; at times diffuse; but abounding in human sympathy, now and again pungent with a keen wit and rich in illustrations for use, not for show. This famous one is always worth quoting, ("Training for the Pulpit Manward"): "The fine declaimers and speaking prodigies of the schools turn out . . . to be only men of straw; with the disadvantage of not being combustible."

BISHOP CHATARD's lectures† represent a stalwart Roman Catholicism, which will find a response in many hearts within his own communion. They cannot be called acute or profound, though they show at times something of scholastic learning, and a certain ingenuity—very likely quite sincere. They make no pretension to covering the whole field of doctrine; justification and sanctification, for example, are touched upon only incidentally, while much space is given to the need of authority, and to ecclesiastical and papal infallibility. The friendly but unquestioning dogmatism of these discussions only increases the regret which a Protestant must feel that a church with powers and opportunities so vast should be committed to doctrines which he is compelled utterly to reject. The opposition is nowhere clearer than in the chapter on "Faith and its Requisites," where the author acknowledges that saving faith may be found outside of the Romish Church; for such faith is, in his mind, "the result of tradition in families, which has led many to accept revelation on the authority of those who went before, unquestioningly. . . . It is belief in the Bible, not private judgment, which constitutes their faith in God's work on earth." Thus, to Bishop Chatard, that phase of experience is a redeeming feature in Protestantism which is really a negation of Protestantism. The essence of Protestantism is not a traditional belief in the Bible, but personal access to Christ. In another place the book narrates the marvellous cure of a Belgian cripple. This man had for eight years suffered with a leg so thoroughly broken that he could turn the foot entirely round, but was instantaneously healed by our Lady of Lourdes. Bishop Chatard has seen him, and heard the reports of eye-witnesses—among others, that of a "religious" with whom the restored man had left his crutches.

"Lorimer and Wife."‡

THAT Lorimer's first name is Barry and his wife's maiden name Claire Gascoigne, will be perhaps sufficient indication of the general style of Margaret Lee's novel. Their married life meets with the disaster which might be expected to follow a wedding ceremony beginning with "the march from Lucia;" and we should suspect, from the episode with regard to woman's suffrage and general independence in the middle of the book, that the story had been written "with a purpose," did not the lady at the close decide to return to the domestic joys which she had lost, though not forfeited.

* 1. Work and Play. 11. Moral Uses of Dark Things. 211. Building Eras in Religion. \$1.50 each. By Horace Bushnell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
† Christian Truths. Lectures by the Rt. Rev. Francis Silas Chatard, D.D., Bishop of Vincennes. New York: Catholic Publication Society Co.

‡ Lorimer and Wife. By Margaret Lee. Paper, 50 cents. New York: George W. Harlan.

The Critic

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"THE CRITIC has been the most noteworthy success in its way for years: it began brightly and has never yet had a dull number; it is independent, various, vivacious; it is abreast of its work and understands it. . . . To-day it is the most interesting journal of literary criticism in the country."—SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN.

COLLEGE DISCIPLINE.

IT has rarely occurred to any of our old-fashioned educators that the vandalism of the average American student is a severe reflection upon the system of which he is the result. We cannot persuade ourselves that the depravity of human nature is any greater in the United States than in the rest of the world, and if American youths in college behave worse than German or French youths who cultivate the classics, the inference lies near that the American system has a tendency to stimulate into abnormal activity the latent depravity which, according to the Bible, lurks in all of us. However paradoxical the statement may sound to the professor who still believes in "marks" and compulsory prayers, we are confident that a great majority of those who have had an opportunity of comparing American methods of discipline with the German policy of non-interference, must have arrived at conclusions far from flattering to our patriotic vanity. It is certainly a very absurd requirement that a professor who, if he pretends to sound scholarship, must have his time fully occupied with research and teaching, should also act as a sort of police officer, pay domiciliary visits at unexpected hours, and generally superintend the morality of his students. A professor who delights in this kind of work, prowling about the campus at late hours, hoping to catch some violator of the rules, putting down "demerits" in his class-book with fierce satisfaction, and displaying a kind of feline ingenuity in entrapping youthful malefactors, is not and can never be a scholar and a scientific investigator in the highest sense. Imagine men like Helmholtz or Max Müller or Mommsen troubling themselves about their students' absence from church, or reporting to their parents if they stayed out late at night. Surely Helmholtz would have had small leisure to study the laws of "The Conservation of Force," or to discover the ophthalmoscope, if the Berlin University had charged him with such duties; Mommsen would hardly have overthrown the authority of Livy and revolutionized the study of Roman history; and Max Müller would not have startled orthodox Oxford by his researches concerning "The Science of Religion." The one class of interest (even apart from the question of time) necessarily excludes the other; and professors who are degraded by their enforced acceptance of the duties which in our old-fashioned colleges are still imposed upon them, will gradually lose whatever scholarly instincts they may by nature have been endowed with, and degenerate into mere schoolmasters.

This is, in our opinion, one of the reasons why real learning in American colleges has, as compared with its state in the universities of Germany, been always at a low ebb. Distinguished scholars we have always had and have still in our institutions of learning, but we venture the assertion that in no case have they been those who expended their energies as disciplinarians. It must be borne in mind that the modern specialist gains no reputation by merely appropriating the knowledge of the past in his branch of study; he must continually question Nature and push back the

boundary of darkness which on all sides surrounds him. He must mark out a new path of investigation and arrive at new results. The ideal professor is not the mere pedagogue who sits at his desk hearing recitations, calling frolicsome students to order and conscientiously ranking their performances by means of "marks." The time has evidently come for the return of the latter type to his proper sphere and the establishment in professorial chairs of zealous specialists. But before this result can be accomplished, several important changes must be brought about which would militate seriously against American college traditions. Nevertheless, to any one who takes the trouble to open his eyes it is evident that these very changes are now being cautiously introduced and are by slow degrees modifying our system beyond recognition. The old monastic régime, with dormitories, compulsory worship, and a rigid moral discipline, is gradually being superseded in our more advanced colleges by the German system of partly elective studies, individual responsibility, and complete secularization. President Eliot, who is a wide-awake and far-sighted man has for several years been introducing experiments at Harvard which tend in this direction, and if the results have not in every instance seemed encouraging, it has been chiefly because the old machinery does not readily adapt itself to any radical change, and a complete renovation would have been opposed by a public opinion which always jealously guards the traditions of an ancient and honored institution of learning.

Another great drawback has been the comparative youth of American students and their consequent inability to make profitable use of the liberty which the elective system and a relaxation of discipline would allow them. But when, in spite of these difficulties, President Eliot's innovations have met with a fair degree of success and have been approved by all true friends of higher education, there is every reason for regarding his reforms as an augury of a change which in time will extend to all the universities of the country. The increased rigidity of the entrance examinations and the increased requirements throughout the course have already had the effect of raising the average age of the students, while the establishment of a pension fund and the sharpened competition will force into retirement the elder and feebler members of the faculty who are unable to respond to the demands of the times. As regards discipline, it is almost a truism that the less a student is governed, the better he is apt to behave. If, for instance, an undergraduate absents himself from a lecture or recitation and the next day brings an oral excuse, it is frequently the custom of the professor to cross-examine him and thus indirectly to question his veracity. We have the testimony of men of wide experience that this is a very bad policy. While a student would be conscious of a sort of puerile triumph in imposing upon the professor who cross-questioned him, he would have no such incentive for deceiving a man who treated him with gentlemanly consideration and trusted in his honor. When the time came for the examination, there would, of course, be an opportunity for testing the acquirements of the absentee and no instructor ever lost the respect of his students by being just, though merciless, on such occasions. The many disturbances which have during recent years taken place at our colleges are due chiefly, we think, to excessive government. It is the colleges where the restraints are greatest and the discipline most severe that have earned an unenviable notoriety by shooting affrays, brutal hazing, and nocturnal escapades. It is not very long since the students of Princeton College (which is conspicuous as the champion of antiquated methods) startled the public by engaging in an armed onslaught upon the quieter theologians who reside within the precincts of their Alma Mater. Some time previously, freshmen and sophomores

fired pistols at each other, and minor squabbles are, according to all reports, of frequent occurrence. In fact, when Princeton undertakes to remind the public of its existence, it is usually by a manifesto of its president expelling rebellious youths or forbidding the students to make excursions to Trenton or some other equally unhallowed town. At Harvard, where existing restraints are constantly being relaxed and the manhood of the student is developed by appeals to his honor and self-respect, hazing has practically disappeared, and when the university signalizes its existence to the world, it is by the introduction of some new study, by educational experiments of universal interest, or by such worthy achievements as the successful performance of the Greek tragedy which recently drew together scholars from all parts of the country. This is a sign of the times, and shows the present to be a period of transition.

THE SHORE WITHOUT A PORT.

I KNOW a shore without a port—
'Twere better be the east wind's sport
Than to adventure here!
Sails drooped and motionless, we stand,
Not more than one poor league from land,
Yet thither may not steer.

Such calm prevails—'twere not more vain,
Shipmates, upon the waveless plain
To give the sail and oar.
Like flickering metal, cooled in mold,
A solid sea of burnished gold
Divides us from the shore.

Fair is the land and flowerful:
On many an old-wrecked, floating hull,
Wing'd seeds, windblown, alight;
They spring again in rank display—
The lotus, kissed with sun and spray,
And unknown flowers of night.

Good sooth! an idle crew are we
To have no errand on the sea
No trade with any strand.
We nothing do but strive to guess,
(With lids half-shut in idleness,)
What shapes are on the land.

Some say this region is the home
Of elf, and sprite, and urchin gnome,
A shrewd and jealous clan;
And some have seen a gala rout,
Of Loves and Graces, borne about
In Cytherea's van.

But some, of holier vision, deem
This is the seat of every dream
The Gods send dreaming youth:
Our crew is like to mutiny,
No two the same delight can see,
Yet each contends for Truth!

EDITH M. THOMAS.

"Baby Rue."*

TURNING the leaves of "Baby Rue," one feels, from the headings of the chapters, that the author is a woman, though it is advertised in London as the work of Henry M. Clay. The knowledge of profanity, drunkenness, and card-playing displayed in the story fails to bear as convincing testimony to the writer's sex as does the single quotation from Mrs. Browning. The author is, indeed, no ordinary person, but one of rare culture and experience; and, best and rarest of all, a conscientious novelist. The

amount of labor evidently expended in the preparation of "Baby Rue" is appalling. If we have any fault to find—and we hesitate to find any with a novel so lofty in purpose, so faithful in execution, so deserving in style of the highest praise—it is that too much pains has been taken with it. "*Montes pariant*," and although the result is not by any means "*ridiculus*," the elaborateness of preparation is hardly justified by the results. We fail to see, for instance, why it was necessary for the hero to have an historical background and an appendix; in very trying circumstances he behaves like a Christian gentleman and soldier; but when we are told that this is because he was a "Leszinsky," we ask "Why Leszinsky?" as persistently as Betsey Trotwood on visiting the rookery demanded "Why rookery? I don't see any rooks!" It would seem at first as if the question haunting the author (and that some question haunts her beneath the surface of mere story-telling is evident at once) were that of heredity. She is interested in trying to decide how a descendant of noblemen of the ninth century would behave if confronted with American problems. Finding that the descendant of noblemen does not behave with any remarkable originality, we fancy that the question of heredity is to be solved in Baby Rue herself. Born of a Polish father, an American mother, with a pagan ancestress, a Jewish name, a Catholic god-mother, and held at the font by a hard swearing young cavalryman, we ask with the author, "What is to become of her?"

This question is never answered; Baby Rue at the close of the novel is only about three weeks older than when in the early part of the book the incident befalls her on which the story hangs. Precisely here, however, lies the power of the book. People fond of ingenuities considered it a remarkable thing that the author of "Rutledge" never once named her heroine; some one else (was it Hawthorne?) wished to write a novel in which the heroine should never appear, but be known wholly through her influence on other lives. In Baby Rue the idea is carried out as far as practicable. The heroine appears in person only half a dozen times, and speaks in the entire course of the story only twenty-two words, eight of which are simply "papa" and "mamma;" yet this spirited little atom, who obeys her father with an air which means "I'm doing what you say because I want to; but if I didn't, I wouldn't," is the touchstone which reveals to us the character and temptations of a score of heroes and heroines. The real point at issue is the Indian question; never has this been placed before us in such fascinating form, and it is a sign of very remarkable power in the writer that she has roused to its highest and deepest our sympathy for the wronged race, while acknowledging frankly those atrocities on their own part which made the father of Baby Rue beg that his little daughter be shot by his own troops rather than suffered to remain in their hands alive.

The book is one of great earnestness and beauty, of exceeding interest and undeniable power. In all fiction we recall no more touching incident than the friendly Indian's bringing, in his folded blanket, about a square foot of damp, sandy earth, bearing the imprint of the little lost child's foot which proves her to be still alive. He must be, indeed, a hardened reader of fiction who can read without moist eyes how the young officer stooped to kiss the footprint of his Baby Rue and offered a hundred dollars to the man who would carry it intact to the child's mother at the fort.

Minor Notices.

PUCK's exclamation "What fools these mortals be!" rises involuntarily to our lips on reading this compendium of superstitions and proverbial sayings.* It seems almost incredible that people of sound mind should ever have believed one half the things recorded here as among the traditional beliefs of the English race; and it is stranger still that many of these traditions are still matters of faith, not only among the lower, but among the higher classes. Yet superstition lurks in almost every heart, and Mr. Dyer has been at pains to gather together a vast amount of information concerning the various forms under which it has appeared in different parts of the United Kingdom. First he groups together, under the head of "Birth and Infancy," all the superstitions that cluster about the first stage of human existence—those which concern the days and hours of birth, the caul, the changeling, the evil eye, rocking an empty cradle, the maple

* Baby Rue. No Name Series. \$1. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

* Domestic Folk-Lore. By the Rev. T. F. Thiselton Dyer, author of "British Popular Customs," etc. Paper, 25 cents. London and New York: Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co.

and the ash, the power of baptism, etc., etc. Then the periods of childhood, of love and of courtship, of marriage, death and burial, are treated in like manner; and the compiler passes on to a consideration of the superstitions that relate to the human body and to articles of dress, table superstitions, furniture omens, household superstitions, popular divinations and common ailments, concluding with a chapter on miscellaneous household lore—concerning horseshoes, precautions against witchcraft, "the charmer," second-sight, dreams, nightmare, and ghosts. Of the hundreds of quaint notions passed in rapid review before the reader's eyes nearly all are more or less picturesque, many are pretty and well worthy of preservation, while others again are shocking and repulsive. For instance, the image of a fair young girl plucking a flower to learn whether her lover be true or false is always a pleasing one; not so the image of a withered hag lying all night in an out-building with a dead man's hand pressed to her neck in the vain hope of driving thence a wen. But Mr. Dyer is perfectly impartial; his aim is not the beautiful but the true, and he has evidently devoted many weary hours to the task of collecting and putting together these odds and ends. His book is of a class that finds many readers, and for his sake this is fortunate, for it is the matter and not the manner of his volume that will insure its popularity. It is plain that a vast amount of material has been rejected in the work of compilation, and it may be that the dryness of Mr. Dyer's style is due in great measure, to the process of condensation. Few persons will be tempted to read the book through, as they would read a book of the same sort prepared by a more graphic writer; but they will find it of lasting value as a work of reference.

WHEN Mr. Black was sketching Nan Beresford,* a second Beautiful Wretch looked over his shoulder and furtively whispered, "Me, too!" for while Nan remains his heroine, the interest of the book gathers about the younger sister, who, we are told, was quite as beautiful, and who certainly is much more of a wretch. The book is very pleasant reading, but it is Madge who gives the pleasantness, with her girl-like manners, her remarkable little letters, and a shallowness of nature which almost succeeds in being admirable simplicity. The legitimate love-making is rather prosaic, but Mr. Black has invented a new way of ridding himself of the eldest son when his hero happens to be the younger. The illustrations are really good, although so numerous as to suggest that they were necessary as "padding," especially when it was thought worth while to have a special sketch of the young man recording his name in the hotel register. The minor characters are all well drawn; there seems scarcely reason enough for the introduction of "Singing Sal;" but we especially commend the sensible young lady who consented to allow a comparative stranger to join her traveling party because in case of trouble with the driver it would be so nice to have a man near to use bad language. We also like the aristocratic old lady whose great dread was that she would be expected to kiss an unwelcome daughter-in-law, but who on meeting her suddenly melted and kissed her first on one cheek and then on the other; and we cordially approve of the good young man of no particular origin, who was *sans "père" et sans reproche*.

WITHOUT its sub-title, the name of this book† would have very little significance. At best the name is not a good one. We can conceive of fields that would yield a much richer harvest than those which Mr. Phelan has seen fit to glean, even had he been at liberty to gather all the good things that came within his reach. He tells us, however, that "several noted names" have been omitted because of his failure to obtain permission to use them; yet he calls the attention of "critics of this book" to the fact that "invidious distinction" has not "had a voice in making up the volume." He also apologizes to Doctor Burke for the unavoidable cutting down of his introduction. This apology is not unnecessary, for the Doctor's second sentence has been so curtailed that it fails to correctly express his meaning. It reads: "Its [the book's] object is to present one or more poems from Catholic American poets." Certainly it should read: "One or more poems from each of the better-known," etc., or words to that effect. The average of the book is raised somewhat by the selections from Isabel C. Irwin and Maurice F. Egan, and more conspicuously still

by Clementine Howarth's "Thou Wilt Never Grow Old." John Boyle O'Reilly is poorly represented by "The Old School Clock."

IN this volume* Mr. Barnard has gathered together the fruits of years of research in the field of co-operation. Many of the chapters have been republished from magazines and periodicals. Mr. Barnard is no utopian; he has no wild plans for bettering mankind; he simply looks at the question from a business standpoint. He tells the story of the Hubert Home Club Associations and the Ladies' Co-operative Dress Association, and gives many interesting facts and much important information on the subject of co-operation.

WE can safely recommend "Visited on the Children"‡ to the people, always numerous, who want "something to read." It is not uninteresting, though the *dramatis personæ* are the usual favorites of the British novelist, and the processes are occasionally so slow as to tempt us to remind the author that only Henry James, Jr., can write long paragraphs with impunity. The language, however, is good, and the moral unexceptionable.

The July Portfolio.†

A TRIFLE thin and bare are the contents of *The Portfolio* of late. The July issue redeems itself as usual by one thoughtful article and two good plates. The development of genre in early Italian art is a charming subject which Mr. F. G. Stephens treats with happy touch, not telling us too much, and yet imparting information here and there with an art which makes the reader look for more. The papers will be continued; they are founded on an address at Liverpool delivered in connection with the gallery of pictures donated by William Roscoe and the pictures themselves are used as corroborative evidence in the address and several are reproduced in wood-cut for *The Portfolio*. The subject seems restricted if one looks merely to the superscription of the article, but in fact to trace the development of genre in Italy is to make a study of the entire movement of Italian art. Mr. Stephens has proposed to himself to "display the growth of the human element in pictorial design as it may be said to have evolved itself—not out of darkness, for there was no such thing as darkness in the condition of Christian Art—from the severely conventional and purely sacerdotal mode in which painting was crystallized during several centuries, until the time arrived when, in Italy at least, themes the most sacred and motives of undoubted holiness were treated frankly, pathetically, and, if I may say so, humanely, but with so little irreverence that even humor found expression without being in fault." The editor writes a short sketch of William Henry Hilliard of Auburn, N. Y., whose "Fishing Boats off the Coast of Holland" has been etched by Kent Thomas for this number. Mr. Hamerton thinks that the painter has exaggerated the spars of the Dutch lugger in the foreground, but admires the weather effects—clouds, gusts, shower, and sunshine, "tossing water and shifting wind." A chromo-lithograph of a piece of Venetian embroidery in silk on unbleached canvas makes an illustration to a third paper on "Some Italian Embroideries," by A. H. Church, which is very agreeable in the eye. Mr. Hamerton's "Art Chronicle" may be useful as a record, but it is not particularly bright or decided. Is it fancy, or can one really detect in the notices of English pictures a desire to be well with as many painters as possible? A natural wish, verily; but one apt to encourage feeble verdicts.

A Short History of Art.§

THE passion for primers is comparatively a new symptom of our age and belongs plainly enough to the general movement toward universal instead of special education. Primers have their place in the educational economy; they lead the child during the first steps of learning; they give him outlines which later application may fill up if the time for such application be granted. And sometimes primers surprise those who consider themselves well on in a subject, for it is plain that they have done something even if it be no more than to show how much in the old books is paid

* The Beautiful Wretch. By William Black. Franklin Square Library, 20 cts. New York: Harper & Brothers.

† Cleanings: from our own Fields. Being Selections from Catholic American Poets. By George F. Phelan. New York: P. O'Shea.

* Co-operation as a Business. By Charles Barnard. Cloth, \$1. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

† Visited on the Children. By Theo. Gift. Franklin Square Library. 20 cts. New York: Harper & Brothers.

‡ New York: J. W. Bouton.

§ A Short History of Art. By Julia B. de Forest. Illustrated. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co., publishers.

ding, and, therefore, how much time has been wasted over unimportant particulars. But we must make distinctions: there are primers and primers. For what class of readers is this "Short History of Art" compiled out of Lübke and other writers—for the general run of adult readers? If so, we are sure that it would be better for them to take more time and more thought to their reading than is possible in a book of this kind, however well compiled. Or is it arranged as a text-book for pupils? We should then say that it was well done, but that it labors under the serious question whether it be well to burden the already overtaxed curriculum of schools with another book, which, however interesting in its subject, cannot fail to be dry. We all know the hopeless feeling that comes over the imaginative or the conscientious child at the sight of his school books. Unless he has some one to explain, discuss, and discourse upon the dry points presented in the primer, his interest is never aroused, and he either shirks his lessons or resigns himself to the parrot-like acquisition of the text at a great disadvantage compared with his dull and plodding brother. So far as it is possible to overcome the difficulties of her task without resort to a novel treatment of the subject-matter the authoress has done her duty conscientiously. The wood-cuts are not elaborate pieces of engraving, but entirely adequate to the office for which they are intended; paper and type are practical and handsome. Instructors who believe in early courses on the history of art will certainly find this a very fair sort of text-book.

Landor's Daily Habits.

WE take pleasure in reproducing the following interesting paragraph from Prof. Sidney Colvin's life of Landor, which will be published to-day (Saturday) by the Messrs. Harper, in their English Men of Letters series:

"Landor's habits were to breakfast at nine, and write principally before noon. His mode of writing was peculiar; he would sit absorbed in apparently vacant thought, but inwardly giving the finishing touches to the verses or the periods which he had last been maturing while he walked or lay awake at night; when he was ready he would seize suddenly on one of the many scraps of paper and one of the many stumps of swan's quill that usually lay at hand, and would write down what was in his head hastily, in his rough sloping characters, sprawling or compressed, according to the space, and dry the written paper in the ashes. At two he dined, either alone or in the company of some single favored friend, often on viands which he had himself bought and dressed, and with the accompaniment, when the meal was shared by a second person, of a few glasses of some famous vintage from the family cellar. In the afternoon he walked several miles, in all weathers, having a special preference for a village near Bath (Widcombe), in the beautiful churchyard of which he had now determined that he should be buried. From about seven in the evening, after the simplest possible tea, he generally read till late at night. His walls were covered with bad pictures, which he bought cheap, as formerly from the dealers of Florence, so now from those of Bath, and which his imagination endowed with every sign and every circumstance of authenticity.

"In this manner twenty long years went by, during which Landor passed with little abatement of strength from elderly to patriarchal age. As time went on, the habits of his life changed almost imperceptibly. The circuit of his walks grew narrower; his visits to London and elsewhere less frequent. His friends of the younger generation, Dickens and Forster especially, and without fail, were accustomed every year to run down to Bath and bear him company on his birthday, the 30th of January. Carlyle, whose temper of hero-worship found much that was congenial in Landor's writings, and who delighted in the sterling and vigorous qualities of the man, once made the same journey in order to visit him. I do not know whether the invitation was ever accepted which Landor addressed to another illustrious junior in the following scrap of friendly doggerel:

"I entreat you, Alfred Tennyson,
Come and share my haunch of venison.
I have too a bin of claret,
Good, but better when you share it.
Tho' 'tis only a small bin,
There's a stock of it within;
And, as sure as I'm a rhymist,
Half a butt of Rudesheimer.
Come; among the sons of men is none
Welcomer than Alfred Tennyson?"

LITERARY NOTES.

It is said that a new German paper is about to be started in New York, with Mr. George Ehret, the brewer, as proprietor.

D. Appleton & Co. have nearly ready a new edition of "New York Illustrated," containing twice the original number of illustrations.

An edition of Pascoe's "Dramatic List" has been prepared with Woodbury-type portraits of some of the principal English actors and actresses.

Mr. W. Noel Sainsbury has a paper in the last number of the *Antiquary* on "The First Parliament in America," to which he ascribes the date 1619, and places it in Virginia.

Alphonse Daudet's new novel "Numa Roumestan," will be published in October. A limited edition will be printed on Dutch paper by the French publisher, M. Charpentier.

An English antiquarian has just discovered at Lyons, France, a map bearing the date 1514, with the name America printed on it. This is supposed to be the earliest map that gives that name to the new world.

A memoir of Lieut. Irving, of H. M. S. Terror, whose remains were brought from King William's Land by Lieut. Schwatka's party, and recently buried in Scotland, has just been published at Edinburgh.

A translation of Mr. Thomas Hardy's romance "The Trumpet-Major" is appearing in Paris as the *feuilleton* of the *Français*. The novel relates to the time of the threatened invasion of England by Bonaparte in 1803-5.

The Lippincotts have in press "Words, Facts and Phrases; a Dictionary of Curious, Quaint, and Out-of-the-way Matters," compiled by Eliezer Edwards, which they will bring out in uniform style with their "Brewer's Reader's Handbook."

The leading London dailies and some of the weeklies (fifteen in all) spell the poet's name Shakespeare; the *Spectator*, *Athenaeum*, and four other papers make it Shakspeare; while four, including the *Morning Post*, have adopted the still more condensed form of Shakspere.

The educational books published by Henry Holt & Co., embrace a mathematical series by Professor Newcomb. The "Algebra" and "Geometry" are now ready, and the others are in course of preparation. The same firm has added Gardiner's English histories to its list.

Scribner's Monthly will move out of its old quarters over Charles Scribner's Sons' book-store in Broadway in October, and, as *The Century*, take possession of a floor in the new building, No. 33 Union Square, north. It is said that the *North American Review* will take possession of the present *Scribner* offices.

Mr. J. C. Harris ("Uncle Remus") has written a story of Southern life, which will be ready for the printer in the fall. It will probably be published in *The Century* as a short serial and appear in book form later in the year. Mr. Harris has written two or three other short stories which will appear in the same volume.

In a little monograph entitled "The Mystery of Hamlet, an attempt to solve an old Problem," which the Lippincotts will bring out in a few weeks, Mr. Edward P. Vining, a railway freight agent in Omaha, Nebraska, argues that Hamlet was a woman who for state purposes had been disguised and brought up as a man.

A book appropriate to the season of travel is Mr. Tristram J. Ellis's "On a Raft and Through the Desert." Mr. Ellis, who is an artist as well as a writer, has illustrated his book with thirty-eight etchings on copper. Unlike most books of its class, this is extremely readable. A small *édition de luxe* is published by Scribner & Welford.

Mrs. Frances Ann Kemble has written a continuation of her "Records of a Girlhood," which will be published this fall under the title "Records of a Womanhood." The new volume promises to be even more entertaining than the first, for it contains letters from and anecdotes relating to some of the foremost literary and theatrical men of the past thirty years.

The death is announced of Professor Theodore Benfey, the German Oriental scholar. Professor Benfey was born at Nörten near Göttingen, of Jewish parents, in 1809. The last years of his life were devoted to the preparation of a grammar of the Vedic language, but he died before it was completed, and students of the Veda still lack a work which would greatly facilitate their labors.

The new English minister, Mr. Sackville West, comes to this country thoroughly instructed by the British government on the question of international copyright. Since Mr. Lowell has shown the legality of a treaty on the subject, it has been decided to settle the question in that way. Mr. Sackville West will be accompanied by Mr. Daldy (late of Daldy, Isbister & Co.), who is sent out by the British government, and who, it is understood, also represents the publishers' interests. There is every reason to believe that the knotty question of international copyright will be settled very soon.

The American publishers of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," Charles Scribner's Sons, announce that they will supply their sub-

scribers with new maps of Illinois and Indiana, those already issued being found imperfect. They also announce in behalf of the Messrs. Black, that similar maps will be prepared to take the place of those of California, Florida, and Georgia, previously published; and to these will be added maps of Alabama, Arkansas, Colorado, Connecticut, and Delaware, of which only sketch maps have heretofore been given. These ten maps, prepared with the aid of the most recent surveys and the census of 1880, will present the latest and most reliable information, and will form a complete series of the States treated in the volumes thus far issued. They will be bound in pamphlet form and furnished *gratis* to all subscribers for the Edinburgh subscription edition, who have already received the twelfth volume.

The *Athenaeum* (July 16) pays the following tribute to the President of the United States: "Authors on both sides of the Atlantic have special reason for being thankful that President Garfield is making rapid progress toward recovery. The overtures for the conclusion of an international copyright treaty between his country and ours, which were originated by his predecessor, have been continued by Mr. Secretary Blaine, at his personal instigation and with his warm sympathy for the object to be attained. He is one of the most cultivated presidents who have sat in the seat of Washington. His collection of the works of Horace is said to be the most complete in his country, and his appreciation of the great Roman classic is genuine and thorough. Should he be spared to remove from the United States the stigma of alien authors being treated with as great disregard of natural rights as negroes once were, he will acquire a fresh title to the admiration and gratitude of posterity."

THE FINE ARTS

Club Architecture.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC:

Once upon a time there was, in a great city, a great club of worthy men who for the most part knew little or nothing about the fine arts. But it was necessary, some of them thought, to have a new house. Whereupon several of the loudest talkers and smartest business men were appointed to "put the thing through." Of these, each, with one exception, returned to his usual pursuits with a peaceful conscience, because that one showed himself eager to take the whole work on his own shoulders. He was a "dreadful smart" man, as they say in Scotland, his native place; and he was aware that in the great city any property had an always increasing value in case large and handsome buildings were put up in the vicinity. He and other canny Scots therefore laid their heads together and settled on a showy position for the new club, where it would do the most benefit to adjoining property. Next came the building. There were several architects in the great city second to none in the land, and possibly the very best to be had. But Scotsmen are clannish, and it had been ordained that the building was to be erected by a Scot. Many architects sent in plans. There was one from Scotland, which was not only costlier than the best offered by the architects of the great city, but furthermore stupid in conception and incomplete. Time was allowed, however, for this plan to be withdrawn and altered. Still it was costlier than others and badly arranged. Nevertheless, since the "dreadful smart" Scot had resolved that his countryman should have the award, and since he moved about faster than three other committeemen, talked louder, and in every way showed himself smarter, the Scotch plans were taken. In process of time arose a mass of masonry designed in the worst possible taste, unsuited to the original meaning of the club, uncomfortable because of the surrender of comfort for magnificence, and costing a sum that made architects thrust their tongues into their several cheeks.

Of course New York does not contain this pretentious pile; if the story be true at all, it must refer to London or some other great city southward of the Land o' Groats. It is merely told here to enforce a warning against the usual practice in cases of the kind. The committee appointed, as a rule, does not consist entirely, or even in majority, of the men of taste in the association. And when such men are appointed, it is difficult both to get them to do any work and to prevent the pushing and scheming man of business talent, and generally of execrable taste, from making a mess of the whole affair. There is some mysterious law of Providence arranged expressly for the mortification of the club men that place in positions of such unusual delicacy just the worst person in the whole association. And as he, as a rule, works like a bee at the labor for which he is particularly unfit, the drones of the club find some difficulty in denouncing him as they would like to. They rage in private, and the innocent stranger is sometimes mystified by coming upon a very furnace of bottled-up wrath when he merely wished to compliment his city friend on the unusual magnificence, or let us say costliness, of his club. But surely it is the clubman's fault. Could he not have demanded longer trials, greater publicity, more discussion of the plans?

The truth is that designs for a great building ought to be prepared with far greater care, be paid for, and be submitted to examination inside and outside the charmed circle of committee or club. The choice having gradually fastened upon two or three leading plans, the authors of these should be allowed further payments for more particular designs, embracing models in wood, wax, or clay, so that club members unused to architectural drawings can form a definite idea of how the edifice is to look. So much care is the least that a club ought to expect from the men to whom it intrusts a matter that is of importance, not merely to every man in the club, and probably to his sons after him, but also to the citizens who take pride in the looks of their town.

K. L. M.

NEW YORK, July, 1881.

Notes on a Young "Impressionist."

Few pictures have attracted more attention at the exhibitions of the National Academy and the Society of American Artists than those painted by Mr. J. Frank Currier. This attention has not always been flattering; indeed Mr. Currier's pictures have oftener irritated than pleased. They belong to the most advanced class of the "impressionist" school, and are often the merest adumbrations. Our readers will, we think, be interested in the following notes jotted down by an admirer of this young artist.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC:

J. Frank Currier went to Munich from Antwerp, where he had been studying for two years, about the year 1870. He entered the Academy class in drawing, and besides winning a medal became a great favorite with his teacher, Prof. Raab. Leaving Raab's, he joined a painting class under Prof. Wagner; then, tiring of academical methods, he began working by himself. He was a very careful, laborious draughtsman; worked much, with the pen, out of doors; studied and admired the old masters, Rubens and Jordaens particularly. Among modern men, Anton Wierds, the Belgian, was his favorite, from whose writings he got most of his ideas of composition. Gradually, by abundant practice, he acquired more freedom of manner, and the power of grasping a subject as a whole. Mr. Currier began to attract attention among young artists about 1874 or '75, when he made some strong heads in the American school. Later he has liked and studied principally the works of Velasquez, Zurbarán and Ribera. He was married in '73 or '74 to an American, whom he met abroad, and with whom he now spends most of his evenings at home in playing classical music. Now and then he joins his young fellow-countrymen on an evening; but not very often. Though a transcendentalist in art, he is sufficiently business-like in his affairs. He expresses contempt of orthodoxy in art and in life; is a lover of Emerson, Thoreau, Walt Whitman and Rousseau, but likes to read sensational novels now and then—the worse the better. In working, Currier is utterly indifferent to what material he uses. He paints much on bagging, which he prepares with a ground from the scrapings of his palette. He works with immense enthusiasm, and often at what appear to his friends unreasonable hours; is in the fields often as early as three A.M., for sunrise effects; loves the sky with clouds, and the broad landscape with water and trees; detests a clear blue sky as he does everything monotonous. He is a most agreeable companion, despite his facility as a punster. Currier first went earnestly into water colors in 1878, beginning in early Summer with the vaguest impressions of changing effects in sky and land (trying only for "values," without form), and toward Autumn doing some strong and original sketches, a number of which were sent to the Water Color Exhibition in New York. Three, I believe, were sold to artists. He made no water colors in '79, but spent all his time on large canvases in the open air. In the summer of 1880, however, he is said to have made two hundred, including those which appeared at the last exhibition here. He has exhibited a number of times at the *Kunstverein*, in Munich, where he succeeded, in the Spring of 1880, in overcoming adverse criticism by a large still-life, which, if I am not mistaken, is now owned in Boston. Currier believes in the brush as an instrument for the expression of moods and feelings. He derides the idea of appealing to the intellect, or of moralizing in painting, and believes the painter has a higher mission than imitation. In person he is small, dark, pale. An abundance of wavy black hair rises from his forehead. He wears a small black Velasquez moustache; has clear brown eyes (the lids usually somewhat inflamed), and a small nose with a sharp curve in the nostril, which is repeated in the upper lip, giving his profile a somewhat disdainful expression. Though small in stature, he is wiry and tough, and can stand a great deal of tramping. "A perfect gentleman," he feels at liberty to disregard the conventionalities of dress and manner. He is very gentle in criticising the works of young men; and though he has never had a regular pupil, his influence on the younger American art-students in Munich is perceptible. The charcoal and pencil sketches which he sometimes turns out in great numbers are often

quite unintelligible to any one but himself. He does not care to waste his time in doing what he knows must be in every landscape, but rather tries to reproduce the one peculiarity that strikes his eye in any particular scene.

New York, July 20, 1881.

F. W.

"The Carrara Medals."*

"THE CARRARA MEDALS," by W. T. R. Marvin Boston, is a carefully printed pamphlet, of which only fifty copies (an *édition de luxe*) have been issued. It is accompanied by two plates of heliotypes, representing the obverses and reverses of medals of the Carrara family. The text is a reprint from the *American Journal of Numismatics*, for January, 1880, and carefully describes the medals of the accompanying plates, while the historical notices following the description of each medal are faithfully written. The Carrara grandees represented on the medals range from Giacomo the Great to Francesco II., 1300 to 1400 A.D.; but, as the author points out, the medals do not belong to that period, but more probably to the "early part of the Fifteenth Century." It appears to us that he is mistaken in describing the medals illustrated in the pamphlet as art-works of that early and most beautiful period of Italian art. Truly, it is known that the genuine Italian Carrara medals were "medals of restoration," made, not in the time of these Dukes of Padua, but later in the Fifteenth, or at some time in the Sixteenth Century; and these medals are admirable specimens of the art of that day. But since other Carrara medals have been made at various times in imitation of these original ones, and as those illustrated in the pamphlet may be modern forgeries from the series made in imitation of the genuine medals of restoration, we should not judge rashly, by these examples, of the state of Italian art at the time of Petrarch, as the names and dates inscribed on the medals might tempt us to do.

Art Notes.

MR. W. ALLINGHAM objects to the placing of a bust of Carlyle in Westminster Abbey, because the Sage of Chelsea "had no respect of any sort for Westminster Abbey, not even as architecture."

The origin and history of the Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood will be related by Mr. W. G. Rossetti in the August number of the *Magazine of Art*. As Mr. Rossetti is looked upon as the high-priest of this brotherhood, what he says will at least carry the weight of authority.

J. W. Bouton has imported a few copies of the "Mémoires de Benvenuto Cellini," translated by Léopold Leclanché, with illustrations printed in gold and gilver. Only one thousand copies of this book, including the editions on Whatman and Japanese paper, were printed.

It is understood that the second exhibition of the Society of Painter-Etchers will be held in America; at least Mr. Seymour Haden, the president of the society, writing informally to Mr. Henry Farrer, secretary of the New York Etching Club, expresses a desire that the exhibition shall be held in this city.

THE DRAMA.

FROM the ranks of American novelists two names only seem to stand out as having in them the stuff of which playwrights are made. These are Mr. Bret Harte and Mrs. Burnett. The former has been tried and found wanting; the latter opens the Madison Square Theatre with her drama "Esmeralda." As a rule, novelists are quite unfitted for the stage. It is a tribute to the subtlety of scenic composition that this should be so. The story-teller fears neither digression nor anticlimax; the playwright puts into his edifice a brick too much or a brick too little, and down tumbles the whole pile. Except Victor Hugo and the elder Dumas, both of whom were born for the theatre, it is hard to think of anybody who could successfully write both books and plays. Goldsmith had the elder Colman to help him, Bulwer Lytton had Macready, Charles Reade had Tom Taylor. Mrs. Burnett has undeniable powers, a strong grasp of character, a facile invention, a keen eye for situation, and all American playgoers should be anxious that writers of her quality should succeed on the stage, and should be able to drive out the sorry charlatans, the illiterate dunces, whose effusions now disgrace the American boards.

Her play is built from the materials of two short stories originally contributed to *Scribner's Monthly*. The first is called "Lodusky." The heroine, it will be remembered, is the belle of a North Carolina village, lithe, supple, beautiful beyond words. The boys fight with knives for the honor of taking her home, and she stands coolly by with a spark of exultation in her eye. She tricks herself out in stage velvet and finery, and goes to the spring to mirror herself in the water.

* The Carrara Medals, with Notices of the Dukes of Padua, whose effigies they bear. By W. T. R. Marvin. Boston: Privately printed.

When two ladies come visiting from New York, she hastens to see them and study their dresses. "I'm not goin' to stay here allers," she says. "I am goin' away some o' these days. I don't know whar, 'n' I don't keer whar—but I'm goin'." An artist comes that way and feeds the girl's vanity by painting her portrait. Though he is engaged to one of the New York ladies, he is gradually fascinated by Lodusky's beauty, until at last she flings herself at his feet. "I don't keer for nothin'," she cries, "I don't keer whether ye're good or bad; only don't leave me here when ye go away." He agrees to take her, but is turned from his purpose, and leaves the village alone. Two years later he discovers her in a box at the Paris opera, dressed in satin, covered with jewels. It will be seen at a glance that this tale is essentially undramatic. It is the opening of "Manon Lescaut" without its pathos. It is the first scene in the life of a common *fille de joie*, unredeemed by passion, unsanctified by remorse. It is quite outside the limits of the stage, and Mrs. Burnett, knowing this perfectly well, proceeds to fit it within the outlines of her second story.

Esmeralda, it may again be remembered, is a North Carolina girl in Paris. She and her father, an elderly and undersized person, with face tanned and seamed, and clothes that cause him acute suffering, are there at the mercy of her mother, a small, angry woman, with an ungraceful figure and a keen brown eye. "Mother she was raised in a town," says her father; "but me an' Esmeraldy, we was raised in the mountains, right under the shadder of old Bald, an' town goes hard with us." Her mother makes violent efforts to get into Parisian society. Money takes them a certain way, and Esmeralda is particularly admired—by some for her wealth, by others for her freshness and beauty. Nevertheless she is miserable. "There's a marquise that's quite in love with her at this moment," says her mother, "and she's as afraid of him as death, and cries if I even mention him, though he's a nice enough man if he is a bit elderly." One day a tall young man with a sad, haggard face is found starving in a garret of the house where they are living. It is Esmeralda's lover, who has followed her from North Carolina. Her father tells her she must choose between him and her mother, and she does not hesitate now. "It's nat'ral," says the father, "an' it's right. I wouldn't want it no other way. An' you musn't mind, Esmeraldy, it's bein' kinder rough on me, as can't go back on mother, havin' sworn to cherish her till death do us part." So the meek man, having with sudden resolution "broken it to mother," sends the young people happily home to North Carolina, and returns with fortitude to his doom. The story, as distinguished from the first, seems curiously well adapted for scenic presentation. The father, if drawn in the play with the masterful touches that delineate him in the narrative, should take rank among the best characters of the contemporary drama. The stage has long waited for the episode of Colonel Newcome and the Old Campaigner. Farce writers have only presented it in a comic aspect. Here it is in a form that will come home to all, unutterably true and pathetic.

MUSIC

"Music Study in Germany."*

THIS is a book that might with much reason have been passed over as unworthy of serious notice, were it not that its appearance in a second edition would seem to argue that it has a circulation and, therefore, readers. That this should be the case is not wholly surprising; in these days of much music study such a title would be almost sure to float any book, however bad. It has had, besides, the advantage of considerable clever advertising of the author's name in magazines and newspapers. This advertising was injudicious, as it prepared the public for something very different from what Miss Fay was found to be on her return from her so-called studies abroad, and lent an unfortunate éclat to her failure as an artist, though it may have been very advantageous to her book. The first, and on the whole the most serious fault, that we have to find with Miss Fay's book is that it is only very remotely what it pretends to be. The subject of music is dealt with but lightly throughout—an average of about one page in four—and then mostly in idle gossip about pianoforte players and pianists. Wherever there is an attempt to go deeper into musical matters it is done with an absolutely incomprehensible carelessness and ignorance; the merest school-girl of average sense and ordinary habits of observation could be trusted to be more discreet in judgment and accurate as to fact. Thus we find mention of Schumann's "Impromptu for Piano, Op. 90," Liszt's "Choral Symphony," the "violin solo out of Bach's Second Chaconne," the "jig" in a Haydn quartette, the "interweaving of the Legend of St. Elizabeth with the story of the Vennsberg," in Wagner's Tannhauser; Mozart's Concerto in B flat, "the most difficult concerto in the world;" Joachim's playing "something by Schumann which ended with a single note"; Tausig's "exceptional genius in composition;" "my grand friend Trenkle, an American of German parentage" (Trenkle was about twenty years old

* Music Study in Germany. By Amy Fay. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co.

when he came to this country); and Wagner's "finding out new combinations of the chords." The book is full of these things; indeed, it is scarcely going too far to say that on musical subjects there are hardly a dozen statements in it that are strictly correct. Where Miss Fay's facts are accurate her judgment is generally at fault; and, whether it be with regard to persons or things, her opinions are usually given with a flippancy and positiveness that might be charming in a child, but which in a young woman of book-making ambition must strike the reader as absurd.

It is impossible to read the book through without finally coming to the conviction that Miss Fay cannot have gone to Germany with any real intention of "studying music" at all. An ambition to become a distinguished pianist she undoubtedly had, and perhaps some dim idea that this would be best accomplished by placing herself under the training of a competent master. But of real music study, or of any feeling for music deeper than the sentimentality common to impressionable amateurs, there is no trace whatever. Of the theoretic, aesthetic, or historical side of her art she seems to have remained in blissful ignorance. Of the nature of her work at the pianoforte, we can best judge from the fact that she had lessons successively from Ehlert, Beringer, Tausig, Kullak, and Liszt (each of whom she declared to be a "splendid" teacher) only to discover after she had been with them all that there was such a thing as "touch," and to recommence her studies with Herr Deppe, Fraulein Steiniger, and Fraulein Timm. Of Tausig (Ehlert and Beringer were his assistant teachers) and his playing, as Miss Fay was able to judge of it, there is an abundance of gossip; of his method, of anything that would interest the real music student, there is not a syllable. With regard to Kullak, that teacher of teachers, who is recognized as the first of authorities, and who is to be credited with greater results for his work than any living master, Miss Fay is equally unsatisfactory. We are gravely told that he is "a splendid teacher" and "a great artist," "the first teacher in Germany"—but no word about his method. That "he has a deep-rooted prejudice against Americans, and never loses an opportunity to make a mean remark about them," will be news to many of Kullak's American pupils who remember him as kind and encouraging in every way. Miss Fay's reason for this very remarkable statement will probably be found in the one that sent her from this "first teacher in Germany" to Herr Deppe and his assistants—viz., that Kullak would not encourage her making a professional *début* before she was ready for it, whereas Mr. Deppe was more pliable. Passing over the highly colored account of Miss Fay's experience with Liszt, which was precisely that of hundreds of attractive young ladies who play a little on the pianoforte, we find her toward the close of her German experience making the important discovery already referred to—namely, that there is such a thing as "touch," and rounding off what she calls her "music study" by a couple of insignificant performances in small German towns. Thus it is evident that she had learned to "play the piano." But the mere *technique* with which to play a trio of Hummel or the E flat violin sonata of Beethoven can undoubtedly be found nearer home than Berlin, and what Miss Fay accomplished there leaves us in no doubt but that she—as well as many music students who go abroad—would have done a much wiser thing in finding out *before going* what it was that she wanted to learn, as well as, above all, what there is in music that is worth the learning. If the playing of pianoforte passages and getting through a few concertos is the limit of one's ambition, it may possibly be realized by the method

of study described in Miss Fay's book, but beyond that there is nothing to hope for. Study does not consist in flitting idly about from one teacher to another, nor in simply practising the piano, nor in "gushing" about it. The very beginning is deeper and more serious than all this. It consists in trying to *know* something, which, we regret to say, there is no evidence, in her book at least, that Miss Fay ever attempted.

Musical Notes.

Le Ménestrel states that M. Albert Vinentini has engaged Madame Sembrich for the next two seasons of the Italian Opera at St. Petersburg and Moscow at 5000 francs a night.

Johann Strauss is engaged upon a new operetta, "The Merry War," which he hopes to have completed in time for production at Vienna in December.

Herr Neumann, director of the opera at Leipzig, is said to have arranged with the director of Her Majesty's Theatre for four complete performances of Wagner's "Ring des Nibelungen," in London next May.

Mme. Patti sang "Linda di Chamouni" in London recently for the first time in fifteen years. The audience is reported to have been small and listless. Donizetti's music is apparently losing its interest for English audiences.

Herr Anton Rubinstein has just concluded a most successful season in London. Where is the manager wise enough to bring him to New York? The renowned pianist would find even more appreciative audiences than greeted him on the occasion of his first visit.

BOOKS RECEIVED BUT NOT REVIEWED.

GIORGIO, AND OTHER POEMS. By Stuart Sterne. Cloth, \$1. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE WOMAN IN BLACK. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. Paper, 75 cents.

THE HISTORY OF A MOUNTAIN. By Eliée Reclus. Translated from the French by Bertha Ness and John Lillie. New York: Harper & Bros.

KNIGHTS OF TO-DAY: or, Love and Science. By Charles Barnard. Cloth, \$1. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE STUDENT'S DREAM. Published for the Author. Cloth, \$1. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co.

THE GREAT VIOLINISTS AND PIANISTS. By Geo. T. Ferris. Handy-volume Series. Paper, 40 cts. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

CATALOGUE (1880-1881) Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va.

THE STEAM HOUSE. Part Two: Tigers and Traitors. By Jules Verne. Illustrated. Cloth, \$1.50. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

GENERAL INDEX TO BROWNSON'S REVIEW. University of Notre Dame, Notre Dame, Ind.

THE STORY OF IRELAND. By Dion Bouicault. Boston, Jas. R. Osgood & Co.

BELLAM. A Romance. By Octave Feuillet. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

SECOND GERMAN BOOK. (Chautauqua Language Series.) By James H. Worman. New York and Chicago: A. S. Barnes.

THE CEdIPUS TYRANNUS, of Sophocles, in English verse. By Wm. W. Newell. Cambridge, Mass.: Chas. W. Sever.

Pictures of Arctic Travel: Greenland. By Dr. I. I. Hayes. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.

THE HOUSE OF ROSS, AND OTHER TALKS. By A. G. Riddle, Author of "Bart Ridgely," "Alice Brand," etc. Boston: Hall & Whiting.

THE LIFE, CHARACTER, AND PUBLIC SERVICES OF JAS. A. GARFIELD. By A. G. Riddle. New York: F. S. Bogue; Philadelphia: Wm. Flint.

THROUGH THE RANKS TO A COMMISSION. \$1.75. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

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